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LAKMÉ.

OPERA IN THREE ACTS.

Music by LEO DELIBES.

CHARLES D. KOPPEL, Publisher, 23 Park Row,
NEW YORK.

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LAKMÉ.

OPERA IN THREE ACTS.

Music by LEO DELIBES.

TRANSLATED AND ADAPTED FOR THE
AMERICAN OPERA COMPANY.

Copyright, 1886, by CHAS. E. LOCKE.

CHARLES D. KOPPEL, Publisher, No. 23 Park Row,
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DECEMBER 28, 1931

ARGUMENT.

THE action of "Lakmé" progresses in India, and the opening incidents of the opera occur near the abode of Nilakantha, a brahmin, who, with his followers, still abhors the invading race. Gerald and Frederick, officers in the British army, with Rose and Ellen, English ladies visiting the East, while strolling in the environs desecrate the sacred grounds by their presence. Being brought to a sense of their intrusion, they depart, but Gerald remains for the purpose of sketching the design of some jewels which have been forgotten in the garden by Lakmé, the brahmin's daughter. Lakmé now enters, and her beauty at once wins Gerald's heart. Some love passages follow, but they are rudely interrupted by the sudden return of Nilakantha. It is death for a foreigner to profane consecrated soil, and Lakmé hastens her lover's departure. He leaves unseen, but Nilakantha finds traces of his visit, and the curtain falls upon the Indian's oath of vengeance. In the second act, the scene is shifted to a neighboring city, where a great festival is in course of celebration. Nilakantha and Lakmé disguised as penitents, mingle with the throng, the brahmin intent upon discovering the author of the sacrilege. He commands Lakmé to sing, and the voice of the loved one makes Gerald reveal himself. His doom is sealed. Night comes on, and when the crowd has scattered and the public square is deserted, Nilakantha strikes Gerald down. Lakmé, however, has seen the deed, and with the aid of Hadji, a faithful attendant, she bears the young man, who is not mortally wounded, away. This episode brings the second act of the opera to a close. When the curtain rises upon the third, it discloses a forest view, with Gerald, who has been restored to health and strength through Lakmé's care, slumbering at the maiden's side. The couple once more exchange assurances of undying love. A chorus of voices is heard in the distance. It is sung by a procession of young people on their way to taste the sacred waters which are said to make love perennial. Gerald and Lakmé must essay their powers, and the girl goes forth to fill a cup at the holy fount. While she is absent, Frederick re-appears to Gerald, who has long been missing, and recalls him from romance to reality. The regiment is about to march away, and Gerald must be at his post. He promises to answer the roll-call after having bidden farewell to Lakmé. Frederick accepts his friend's word and leaves him. Lakmé returns with the sacred water. As Gerald is about to put the cup to his lips, however, the sound of drum and fife reaches his ears. He starts and Lakmé, at a glance, understands everything. In quiet but o'ermastering despair, she gathers some poisonous flowers and expresses their juice between her teeth. Death follows in a few minutes, the heart-broken creature expiring in Gerald's arms as Nilakantha and his followers enter and behold the sorrowful picture.

CHARACTERS.

LAKMÉ.

NILAKANTHA, her father.

GERALD, }
FREDERICK, } Officers of the British Army.

ELLEN, }
ROSE, } Daughters of the Vice-Roy.

MRS. BENTSON, Governess.

MALLIKA.

HADJI.

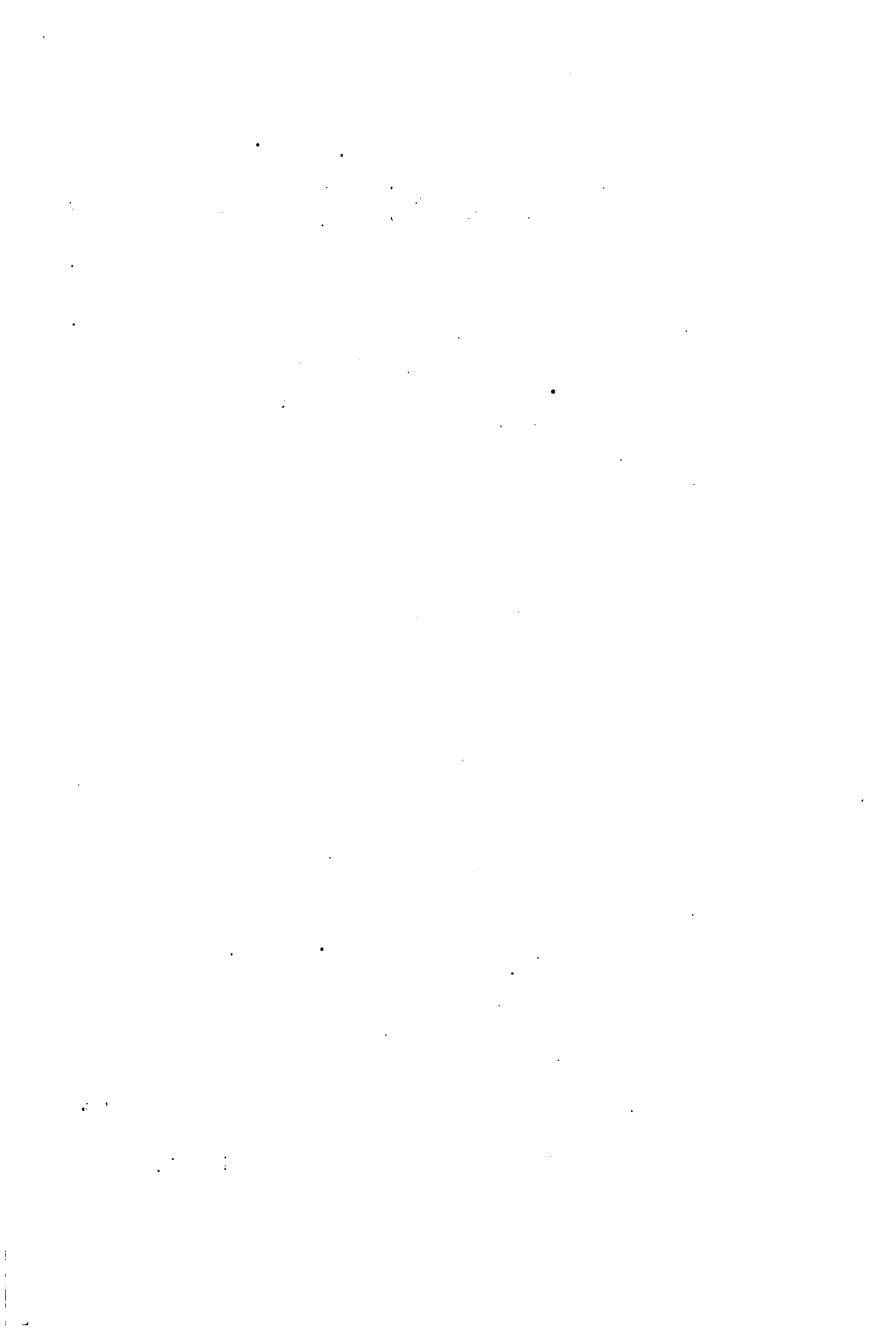
A FORTUNE TELLER.

A CHINESE MERCHANT.

A SEPOY.

Hindoos, English Officers and Ladies, Sailors, Bayaderes, Chinamen, Musicians, Brahmins, etc.

The action progresses in our time, in one of England's possessions in India.



LAKMÉ.

ACT I.

[A very shady garden, in which all the flowers of India grow in profusion. At back a low-built house, half hidden by the trees. A moulding representing a lotus over the entrance door, and farther on a statue of Ganesa—an idol with an elephant's head, and the Goddess of Wisdom—impartsto the mysterious dwelling the appearance of a sanctuary. At back, the commencement of a stream that wanders away and disappears amid tropical growths. The garden is surrounded by a slight fence of bamboo work. Day is dawning.]

[Hadji, Mallika, Nilakantha and Hindoos enter as the curtain rises. Hadji and Mallika open the garden gate to some Hindoos, male and female, that enter devoutly.]

Chorus.

Lo, 'tis the hour appointed
When the plain, incense breathing,
With the dawn's fire anointed,
Now hails the rising sun.
May our pray'rs in communion
Calm the wrath ever seething—
Lull the wrath of great Brahma,
Till his kindness be won!

Nilakantha.

[Coming from his dwelling.]

Thrice be their joys increas'd, whose
homage here is given
To the forsaken priest, outraged, jeered
at and driven!

We shall the fury assuage
Of those that hate us, our victors;
They have cast our gods in rage
From their sacred temples olden.
Yet Brahma over each head
His vengeance holds as the thunder,
And when it bursts forth so dread
Shall our bonds be rent asunder.
In my blest retreat, to-day,
Is the light of heaven straying,
And I feel, I own its sway,
When I hear my daughter praying.

[Enter Lakmé. Before she appears her voice is heard in the Brahmin's dwelling. All the Hindoos prostrate themselves.]

Lakmé.

Thou Dourga bright!
Thou Siva pale!
Mighty Ganesa!
Ye, from Brahma's life,
We hail!

[As the sacred chant finishes, Lakmé appears on the threshold of the house and mingles her prayer with that of the throng.]

Nilakantha. [To Hindoos.]

Go ye in peace, the homeward path now
wend,
Morning's pray'r repeating. Away! On
all God's love descend!

[Exit all except Lakmé, Nilakantha and Lakmé's two attendants.]

Moderato.

The musical score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, slurs, and dynamic markings. The Treble staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The Bass staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp. The score includes dynamic markings such as 'mf' and 'Ped.' (Pedal). There are also asterisks (*) placed below the Treble staff. The score ends with a double bar line.

NILA. (*tendery.*)

Lak - me,.... 'Tis thou that still doth aid us!....

a tempo.

p Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

And if I can de - fy, The foe that doth o'er-shade us, With his foul triumph and

hate, 'Tis that Hea - ven in thee, But in - nocence doth see.

poco rall.

mf *p* Ped. * Ped. *

Lakmé.

When Brahma high, in mercy tender,
Crushed a flower to make earth, left he
honey therein,

For mortals at their birth;
This was Hope's golden splendor.

Nilakantha.

But now I leave thee here for a time.

Lakmé.

Leave me now!

Nilakantha.

Fear not, thou!
In yon pagoda sacred,
Which hands have not defiled, they await
me, my child,
To-morrow's holiday doth summon.

[To attendants.]

By Lakmé here abide.

Hadji.

Our watch we'll keep unceasing.

Let us twain now be wend - - ing, On..... the tide,

Let us twain now be wend - - ing, On the gen - tle tide,

mf

mf

mf

Ped. *

Ped. *

side..... by side, While..... with play - ful hands We

Ling - 'ring side by side, While with light and play - ful hands, We

p

p

p

Ped. *p* *

Ped. *mf* *

Ped. *

touch..... the wa - ters shin - - - - ing, Joy - - - - ful - ly there re -

touch..... the wa - ters shin - - - - ing, Joy - - - - ful - ly there re -

f

f

p

f

pp

Ped. *sf* *

clin - - - - ing, Come! seek the crest,

clin - - - - ing, Come! seek we the crest, Where the spring doth

poco rall.

Where the birds soft - ly sing - ing, glad are wing - ing,

rest, Birds sing - ing, glad are wing - ing,

*Ped. ** *poco rall.*

a tempo. pp

To..... yon dome fair..... and bright, Let us twain

a tempo.

To yon sha - dy dome, 'Neath the jas - mines white, Let us twain.....

Ped. pp a tempo. *Ped. ** *Ped. **

The musical score consists of three staves. The top two staves are vocal lines for Lakmé and Rose, both marked 'rall.' and containing the lyrics 'Now be wend - - - ing.' The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment, marked with 'Ped.' and 'rall.' at various points, and includes a double bar line with a repeat sign.

Lakmé.

But nameless dread all my being is swaying,
 When father so dear
 All alone in their city accurs'd is staying.
 I shudder, I tremble in fear!

Mallika.

May the God Ganesa him still watch over.
 Haste! to yon waters our course we'll
 pursue,
 Where swans white, with downy wings,
 hover;
 There we will cull the lotus blue.

Together.

'Neath the dome, where jasmines, &c.

[During the final bars of this number, Mallika has loosened the rope of a small boat which is fastened among the rushes; Lakmé steps into it, followed by Mallika, who takes the oar; the boat moves off and the voices die away in the distance.]

Enter Gerald, Frederick, Ellen, Rose, Mrs. Bentson.

[Laughter heard outside the enclosure.]

Mrs. Bentson.

Miss Rose, Miss Ellen,
 Respect this spot so sacred.

Ellen.

[Forcing aside the bamboos.]

A glance at least we'll cast
 Ere hence we homeward go.

Rose.

The first step's taken;
 Let us within!

Gerald.

[Making Mrs. Bentson enter.]

Mrs. Bentson, I now see,
 Will wildly adventurous grow.

Mrs. Bentson.

It's not the thing to do.

Gerald.

Though, entertaining quite!

Frederick.

And it's dangerous, too.

Gerald.

This it is oft that tempts us.

Mrs. Bentson.

No! no! I scorn such dissipation—
 'Tis beneath our station!

Ellen. [Picking flowers.]

These trees and flowers white
 No menace dark enfold.

Frederick.

Their beauty do not trust,
 For these flowers, now so lovely seeming,
 Daturas they are call'd.
 They are dazzlingly fair,
 While poison containing.

Mrs. Bentson.

This is a land of terror!

Gerald.

A land of fairies, I ween,
Where a mortal finds death
In each flower that's seen.

Frederick.

O thou dreamer, that wanderest
In cloudland so high,
Knowest thou this spot,
And Brahma's symbol nigh?
'Tis the pagoda fair,
Where they pray to Brahma—
The dwelling of Nilakantha!

Ellen, Rose and Mrs. Bentson.

Of Nilakantha!

Gerald.

Of Nilakantha? The brahmin fanatic,
Who morn' and evening counsels
That hate and vengeance govern?

Frederick.

He has made of his daughter
A goddess most high—
Still more potent—she is a great charmer.
Who is hidden, they say, to eyes that are
profane,

That seek her here in vain.
And her name is—Lakmé!

Gerald.

Lakmé!

Ellen.

When woman's bright, pretty and jolly,
She is wrong to hide herself.

Frederick.

But, in this land, everything's folly,
Arguments I lay on the shelf!

Gerald.

She's an idol men worship ever!

Rose.

With jealous care shut up so tight!

Gerald.

To be human's not her endeavor!

Mrs. Bentson.

I'll answer, then, she is a fright!

Ellen.

Yet a woman likes homage duly;
She's alive to all men bring.

Frederick.

Yes, in Europe, you'll find this truly,
But out here, 'tis another thing.

Gerald, Rose, Ellen and Mrs. Bentson.

Fine systems originating
Fond of changing, ranging still,
Poetry now abating,
Coldly reason, if you will.
Women are all alike, the world over,
Most happily!

Frederick.

Systems originating
I hate, but remark I will,
All poetry abating,
Women are changeable still.
Two women not the same are, this world
over,

Most happily!

Ellen.

What if we sought some traces of her?
Thro' this mysterious place we'll roam.

Frederick.

Such audacity's proffer
Would fright their gods in their home.

Rose.

[*Ironically.*]

Your own divine grace is her portion.

Frederick. [Good naturedly.]

I suppose so; but speak with caution.

Gerald.

[*Ironically.*]

Must we, then, live prone at her feet?

Mrs. Bentson.

[*Ironically.*]

Say she's better than us—so sweet!

Frederick.

I would not give a judgment so absurd,
But, under this flaming dome,
The women that sunbeams enrapture,
Quite differ from women at home.

FRED.
Andante.

Their strange vir-tue ev - er is sim - pli - ci - ty,.... Love for them, nor law, nor contract,

Andante.

e'er may see!..... 'Tis not love a - co - quet - tish style will cap - ture,

Nor a ten - der feeling that o'er all holds sway..... Nor a bliss-ful heart breaking

rap - ture, End - ing in a right mor - al way.....

poco rall.

suivés.

No, their hearts are maddened with its hot de - light,.... And for them to live is but to

live to love,..... Life to them is love!

live to love,..... Life to them is love!

Ellen.

These are the women called ideal
That charm at once, without delays;
We must be common-place and real
That seek to charm in other ways.

We are conquered
With less dazzle and less show,
And to guard against surprises
Well we know.

But your magicians, fair beyond expression,
Know not that sweet thrill, a maid's first
confession,

Or the sadness, or the elation
That share a fond, loving pair.

Oh! these heavenly beauties
Know how charms can move!
But we, far more modest,
Know just how to love.

Frederick.

I don't compare, that were ill-breeding.

Ellen and Rose.

'Tis but your wit that's you misleading.

Gerald.

[*Laughing.*]

Innocent, he! Faith! all can see.

Frederick.

I tell what has been told to me.

Gerald, Ellen, Rose, and Mrs. Bentson.

Fine systems originating, &c.

Frederick.

Systems originating, etc.

Frederick.

A sacrilege we're here committing
A Hindoo will ne'er forgive!

Gerald.

What need a soldier care?

Frederick.

The hour will come—
So will death!
A darksome snare's awaiting.

Mrs. Bentson.

Let's go! Let's go!

Rose. [*Perceiving jewels.*]
See! lovely jewels!

Mrs. Bentson.
Follow me!

Ellen.
I ne'er have seen their like:
Let me on them gaze.

Mrs. Bentson.
No, no!

Ellen.
What a pity!

Gerald.
Well then,
I will take their design.

Ellen.
And stay here all alone?

Gerald.
These you shall wear
When wedding bells are gayly chiming.

Ellen.
But think: danger here is dwelling.

Gerald.
No!

Frederick.
You're quite rash, I vow.

Gerald.
Nonsense!

Frederick.
A thankless task he has,
That oft' the truth is telling!

[*Exeunt all except Gerald. Gerald alone, taking out drawing materials.*]

Gerald.
To take the design of a jewel
Is it such a grave matter? Ah! Frederick
is mad!

[*Goes toward jewels and suddenly stops short.*]

But whence cometh this dread supernatural
feeling,
Thrilling my soul to its depths,
And strange fancies revealing?
Here, 'mid this solemn calm profound,
Daughter of my caprices,
The unknown one now meets mine eyes.
Her voice unto me whispers softly
A word of mystic power.

GERALD. (*With animation.*)

Cheat - ing Fan - - cy com - ing to mis - lead me,

With the song that the si - ren sings,..... Back to dream - land,

with thy joys de - nied me, O fan - cy bright, with gold - en

wings, O fan - cy bright with thy gold - - en wings!

Hence! Hence! back to dream-land, thou

cantando.
mf

light mis - lead - ing, O cheating fan - cy with gold-en wings!

poco rall. *p*

dim. *p* *ritocco.* *Ped.*

[Takes bracelet.]

Some snowy arm this round enclosing,
E'en now, I see, arm so divine!
Fair little hand, would 'twere reposing
As oft in thee, softly in mine!

[Takes a gold band.]

This golden band, fancy divining,
Still has followed footsteps so light!
Ah! tiny feet, ever reclining
Only on flow'rs mossy and bright.

[Takes necklace.]

This necklace rich, of her balmy sighs
breathing,
What whispers fond her heart hath told at
each beat,
Necklace, to thee, while smiles of joy were
wreathing,
Rose-blushing cheeks at one name loved
and sweet!

No! no!

Fly, cheating fancies,
Idle necromancies,
That my brain would o'ercloud!
Cheating fancy, coming to misguide me,
With the song that the siren sings,
Hence, to dreamland go, with joys
denied me,
O fancy bright, with golden wings!

[Ceases his work.]

Gerald.

No! my touch shall not pollute
These objects pure:
Nothing here I'll sully.
No! a profanation it would be!
Lakmé! how sweet the name!—
What new sounds now meet mine ear?
What means this chaunting
Soft as strains of fairy bands?

'Tis she!

'Tis Lakmé, with flow'rs in her hands.

'Tis she!

[Hides himself behind some bushes.]

Enter Lakmé and Mallika.

Lakmé and Mallika.

[Before Ganesa's statue.]

O thou that still doth shield us,
Thy protection yield us,
Guard us from snares alway!

[They lay flowers at idol's feet.]

Lakmé. [To Mallika.]

And now, in waters transparent and
gliding
That sing o'er cooling sands and in dark
nooks are hiding,
We the sun's heat defy, though it sear
earth and sky.

Mallika.

This hour propitious, profit we by it,
Where the foliage dense
Scatters a welcome shade on every object
nigh it.

[She disappears quickly behind trees.]

Lakmé alone; Gerald in concealment.

Lakmé.

[Unfastens the mantle which covers her, and when about to follow Mallika, stops pensively.]

In my heart now I feel there's a murmur
so strange
The flow'rs are more lovely appearing,
And Heaven's more radiant now.
From woods a new song I am hearing,
Fonder zephyrs caress my brow.
And a fragrance that's rare is filling,
All my senses with a rapture so thrilling.

Andante. LAKMÉ.

Why love I thus to stray, In woods here, day by

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line for Lakmé, written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 4/4. The lyrics are: "Why love I thus to stray, In woods here, day by". The middle staff is the piano accompaniment, written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp and a time signature of 4/4, starting with a piano (pp) dynamic. The bottom staff is the piano accompaniment, written in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp and a time signature of 4/4.

day, While tears have sway?..... Why doth the dove's note sad-den, And

The first system of the musical score features a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The vocal line begins with the lyrics "day, While tears have sway?..... Why doth the dove's note sad-den, And". The piano accompaniment consists of a flowing sixteenth-note melody in the right hand and a more static accompaniment in the left hand.

fill my heart with sigh - ing; As doth a fad - ed flow' - ret,

The second system continues the musical score. The vocal line lyrics are "fill my heart with sigh - ing; As doth a fad - ed flow' - ret,". The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic patterns, featuring a melodic line in the right hand and chords in the left hand.

Or a leaf earthward fly - - - ing?... Yet are these tears most sweet

The third system of the score has the vocal line lyrics "Or a leaf earthward fly - - - ing?... Yet are these tears most sweet". The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings such as *p* (piano) and *sf* (sforzando). The melodic line in the right hand shows some ornamentation and grace notes.

..... to me, Tho' sad they be!..... And my heart is glad . . .

The final system on the page has the vocal line lyrics "..... to me, Tho' sad they be!..... And my heart is glad . . .". The piano accompaniment features dynamic markings including *sfs* (sforzissimo), *pp* (pianissimo), *Ped.* (pedal), and *mf* (mezzo-forte). The score concludes with a key signature change to one flat (F) and a final cadence.

some, Tho' I'm sighing, I'm glad - some, Ah! why?.....

Why look for reasons here, in the song of
the stream,

Where roses dream?—

In leaves that fall around?

In my heart soft reposes, like a lily at rest,
Sweeter balm than yield roses, by gentle
winds caressed,

Or by loving lips pressed. Tho' I sigh,
I'm gladsome,

Ah! why?

[Sees Gerald and utters a cry.]

Ah! Mallika!

Enter Mallika and Hadji.

Mallika.

Lakmé, is it danger that threatens?

Lakmé.

[Mastering her emotion.]

Ah no! 'twas idle fear. Every sound now
alarms.

My father cometh not, and the hour now
hath flitted.

Go ye and seek him both!

[Exeunt Mallika and Hadji, looking at her with
astonishment. As soon as her attendants have
departed, Lakmé goes straight to Gerald who con-
templates her with rapture.]

Lakmé.

[Indignantly.]

Whence dost come and what wouldst?

Know, thy rashness to punish,

Here they might have killed thee ere now.

At fears that wake I blush with shame.

I dare not say to those around me

That the foot of barbarian e'er has sullied
the dwelling

Held so sacred, where hideth a fond loving
father.

Begone! remember not what thine eyes
may have seen.

Begone! hence go! Daughter I, of the
gods!

Gerald.

What! forget that here I found thee,
With the flames of wrath around thee,
With an air of triumph wild?
With a majesty unbending,
With a menace fierce descending,
Yet with gaze so like a child?

Lakmé.

The boldest dare not have spoken,
Nor thus on my presence broken,
Were he kinsman, Hindoo born!
And the power that still doth guard me
Will just punishment award thee.

Begone, begone, hence depart!

Gerald.

Wouldst forget that here I found thee,
With the flames of wrath around thee,
Yet the charm about thee spread?
Wouldst thou then have me forget thee,
When my life, since first I met thee,
Hangs upon thy lips so red?

Lakmé.

[Somewhat more gently.]

Didst thou know the fate impending,
Surely thou wouldst ne'er stay

Hence, for 'tis death!

Therefore linger not, but away!

Gerald.
Let me gaze on thee.

[*Motionless.*]

What strange power now attracts him to me?
Will then naught affright him?

Lakmé.
'Tis for me, though my hate he knoweth—
To see me e'en death he defies,
And calmly awaits it, nor flies.

[*Aside.*]

[*To Gerald.*]
Whence to thee cometh
More than mortal courage?
What God is he whose aid is thine?

GERALD. *Allegretto con moto.*

The god of youth so glow-ing, 'Tis the fair god of spring, 'Tis the

god on thee be - stow - ing, The kiss - es warm that oling. Still for

him a - wake at dawn - ing, The rose-buds of the grove; 'Tis the

Lakmé. [*Aside.*]

Touched by a flame that's immortal
 My spirit soars to Heav'n's portal
 Ah, this joy! this ecstasy!
 What are these words, so new to me?
 [*Repeats, as if involuntarily, Gerald's words.*]
 'Tis the god of youth so glowing, etc.

Gerald.

Ah! linger, go not yet, so thoughtful, sweet,
 unchiding!
 Let blushing charms that mine eyes now
 have met,
 O'ermantle thy cheek,
 Its lily pallor hiding!

Together.

'Tis the god of youth so glowing, etc.

Lakmé. [*With a loud cry.*]

My father see returning!
 Begone! (*imploring*) Linger not, but
 haste!

Gerald. [*As he departs.*]

Ah! I'll not forget thee soon, thou angel
 fair!

[*Exit.*]

[*Enter Nilakantha, Hadji, and later on some
 Hindoos. Gerald has disappeared when the
 Brahmin, guided by Hadji, is beheld.*]

Hadji.

[*Points to broken part of enclosure.*]

There! there! see!

Nilakantha.

Here, in my dwelling,
 What profane foot hath trodden? Speak!

Lakmé.

I faint with fear.

Nilakantha.

Mine now be vengeance! He dieth!

[*The Hindoos that follow the Brahmin repeat the
 cry, while Lakmé is motionless with terror, the
 curtain falls.*]

ACT II.

First system of musical notation, featuring a treble clef staff with a melodic line and a bass clef staff with a rhythmic accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The system includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and trills.

Second system of musical notation, continuing the piece. It features a treble clef staff with a melodic line and a bass clef staff with a rhythmic accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The system includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and trills.

Third system of musical notation, featuring a treble clef staff with a melodic line and a bass clef staff with a rhythmic accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The system includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and trills. A dynamic marking of *mf* is present in the treble staff.

Fourth system of musical notation, featuring a treble clef staff with a melodic line and a bass clef staff with a rhythmic accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The system includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and trills. A dynamic marking of *cres.* is present in the treble staff.

Fifth system of musical notation, featuring a treble clef staff with a melodic line and a bass clef staff with a rhythmic accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The system includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and trills. Dynamic markings of *dim.*, *mf*, and *sfs* are present in the bass staff.

First system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass staff. The treble staff contains a melodic line with slurs and a dynamic marking of *sfz*. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

Second system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a dynamic marking of *p*. The system is separated from the previous one by a wavy line.

Third system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass staff. The treble staff includes trills and a dynamic marking of *p*. The system is separated from the previous one by a wavy line.

Fourth system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass staff. The treble staff includes trills and a dynamic marking of *p*. The system is separated from the previous one by a wavy line.

Fifth system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass staff. The treble staff includes trills and a dynamic marking of *pp*. The bass staff includes a dynamic marking of *ff*. The system is separated from the previous one by a wavy line.

[A public square. A number of Chinese and Indian shops, bazars and counters. At right, the tent of a house of repose or confectioner's shop, with low divans and bamboo chairs in front of small tables inlaid with mother of pearl. At back, a large pagoda.]

Strollers, Venders, Sailors, a Domben (or Fortune Teller), a Chinaman, a Sepoy.

[As the curtain rises, the venders of fruits, jewels, etc., summon the strollers brought together by the holiday.]

Chorus.

Make haste, before the noon bell striketh!
We give, not sell, what each one liketh!
We ne'er deceive you, this believe you;
Then come, the market soon will close.
Make haste, for soon each homeward goes.

First Group of Hindoo Venders.

Please admire these slippers splendid,
Handkerchiefs of gorgeous make!

Second Group of Chinamen.

Luscious cakes, no finer vended!
Sights to see; your pick now take.

Third Group of Fruit Venders.

See these gilded fresh bananas,
Betel leaves just gathered, eat!
Mats of plants grown in savannas,
Honeycombs so full and sweet.

Fourth Group of Sailors.

Serve us right quick, ye profane ones!
Sons of Brahma, stir your pegs!

Chorus.

Make haste, before the noon bell striketh, &c.

Sailors.

The signal bell is tolling,
Now each one out be bowling,
And follow straight his nose!
The market now will close!

Enter Mrs. Bentson, and later on, Frederick and Rose.

Mrs. Bentson.

[Lost in the crowd.]

These people loving,
Are ever roving;
Chat they in bliss all day,
While from me off they stray!

A Domben.

Your fortune, lady, I would read.

Mrs. Bentson.

Let me be, I do not need you.

A Vender.

Look, please, see these jewels rare.

Mrs. Bentson.

Don't tease; my nerves pray you spare!

A Sepoy. [Approaching.]

The lady leave now, for I command it!

[Steals her watch.]

Mrs. Bentson.

Much obliged!—my watch! I demand it!

A Domben.

By your palm I'll tell unto you
All the bliss that awaits, quite true!

Mrs. Bentson.

My dear sir, will you kindly leave me?

A Sepoy.

[Looks at stolen watch.]

Take while you may!

A Domben.

Hear me, I pray!

A Vender.

One word, ma'am, say!

Mrs. Bentson. [Furious.]

Enough; I'm governess—take warning,
Of the governor's child, beware!

Frederick. [Hastening in.]

Mrs. Bentson mad! I declare!

Rose.

What's the matter? Tell us, my dear.

Mrs. Bentson.

I'm insulted badly!

Chorus.

[Resuming as though nothing had happened.]

Come, before the noon bell striketh, &c.

Frederick and Rose.

Can you their great zeal scold so sadly?
Mark those worthy dealers—their wares—
Toil each one shares.

Mrs. Bentson.

You'd hardly think, to breathe one dares.
They stole my watch, those worthy dealers!

[*Market bell rings.*]

Hark! what means this racket tremendous?

Frederick.

That's the summons to depart:
Market's closed—forth they send us!

Mrs. Bentson.

'Tis closed!

[*Chorus resumed. The venders retire gradually, driven away by watchmen. A few Hindoo strollers and some sailors remain in groups at back of stage. Same characters, except the venders. Music continues piano.*]

Mrs. Bentson.

At last!
I do hope we'll have silence.

Frederick.

No! Scarcely to-day!

Mrs. Bentson.

All the shops are closed, they say.

Frederick.

The sports now commence.

Mrs. Bentson.

But can't these folks their pleasures take
With calmness more becoming?

Rose.

Here are the dancing maidens.

Mrs. Bentson.

Dare I their features scan?

Frederick.

Of course!

Mrs. Bentson.

And are they not
A set of foolish virgins?

Frederick.

In holy temples dwelling,
The priests watch o'er their sleep.

Mrs. Bentson.

They are vestals, then, I'm sure —

Frederick.

That nothing have to keep!

Ballet.

[*The dance is made up of several movements, entitled respectively Terana, Keklah, Persian, etc. After the ballet, the crowd disperses, following the dancers. As it scatters, Nilakantha and his daughter pass by. The brahmin wears the garb of a Sanniassy, or Hindoo penitent.*]

Rose, Frederick, Mrs. Bentson, and later on, Gerald and Ellen.

Ellen, Rose, Mrs. Bentson.

Yonder see that old man
Upon his daughter leaning.

Frederick.

'Tis a Sanniassy.

Rose.

His looks are full of meaning.

Frederick.

He wanders about
And scorns not the humblest of off'rings.
While his daughter oft sings sacred ballads,
Which the Hindoos will hearken to the
live long day.

Mrs. Bentson.

Ah! Miss Ellen! at last!

Frederick.

And how contented
She rests upon his arm!

Ellen.

Yes, in truth, I am happy!
See my heart,
Full of sunshine and love,
Is all gladness!

Rose.

He nothing has brought back!

Ellen.

I'm glad!

Frederick.

Did Nilakantha to you appear?

Gerald.

I saw his daughter—she was smiling
As she trod the flowery path.
To the green banks she went
To cull the Lotus blue.
Feelings strange overcame me
And fast I ran away.

Ellen.

For this I love you more to-day!

Mrs. Bentson.

To the palace we'll go.

Ellen.

I'm charmed with all this gladness.

Rose. [To *Frederick.*]

She is still unaware
That to-morrow you march—
Both of you.

Frederick.

Both of us!

Rose.

The news is kept most secret,
But I have heard it all.
So to-night you will march—

Frederick.

A mere parade!

Rose.

Against the rebels forth you're ordered;
'Tis well. Let her not know the truth,
She is all exaltation
And 'twould trouble her mind.
But I, am much the stronger
And—no lover leaves me behind.

Frederick.

You now are all trembling.

Rose.

For my sister do I fear!

Frederick. [To himself.]

Ah, yes, she is lovely!

Rose.

Ah! the old man again!
He frightens me!

[*Exeunt Frederick and Rose.*]

Enter Lakmé and Nilakantha, subsequently the crowd.

Nilakantha.

See a poor man alms beseeching,
A strolling songstress by his side.
To the crowd my hand outreaching,
How quickly away they glide!
In this wretched garb, fortune wooing,
Who sees in me the judge a vile culprit
pursuing?
Do the English now feel their blood running
chill,
When revenge upon my forehead they be-
hold written still?

Lakmé.

Does Brahma forbid that we forgive an
outrage?

Nilakantha.

The outrage of a stranger!

Andante con moto.

Ped.

NILA. (*very tenderly.*) *p*

Lak - me, thy soft looks are o'er-cloud-ed, And thy

smile is sad-den'd by care;... As a star a - bove oft is

shrou - ded, A gloom hides thy beau - ty so rare! Heav'n tho'

pa - tient must wea - ry be growing Because it waits the sin - ful culprit's

death!..... But I would once more

tres espressiv.

poco rall. *Tempo.*

Detailed description: This system contains the first two lines of the musical score. The vocal line is in bass clef with a key signature of two flats and a 4/4 time signature. It begins with a fermata over the word 'death!' followed by a melodic phrase. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves: a right-hand staff in treble clef and a left-hand staff in bass clef. The piano part features a complex texture with many sixteenth notes and chords. Performance markings include 'tres espressiv.' above the vocal line, 'p' (piano) below the vocal line, and 'poco rall.' and 'Tempo.' above the piano accompaniment.

see thy smiles glowing, Once a - gain I would see thy smiles glowing, And in thine

cres.

Detailed description: This system contains the second and third lines of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'see thy smiles glowing, Once a - gain I would see thy smiles glowing, And in thine'. The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic patterns. A 'cres.' (crescendo) marking is placed above the vocal line towards the end of the system.

eyes,..... ouce more be - hold!..... Hea - ven beam forth on

Poco animato.

cres. *p a volonta.*

Detailed description: This system contains the third and fourth lines of the musical score. The vocal line has the lyrics 'eyes,..... ouce more be - hold!..... Hea - ven beam forth on'. The piano accompaniment features a 'Poco animato.' marking above the right-hand staff. The system concludes with a 'p a volonta.' (piano ad libitum) marking above the vocal line and a 'cres.' marking below the piano accompaniment.

me!.....
a tempo.

f

f

Ped.

Ped.

Ped.

rall.

With burning fever in my bosom
While to watch thy slumber I sought,
A dream kiss'd thy lips' lovely blossom,
A crimson blush lay thy forehead athwart.
Heav'n tho' patient, must weary be grow-
ing, etc.

Lakmé.

Ah! 'Tis because thy grief
Hath touched my heart with sadness.
My gloom shall be but brief
E'en now returns my gladness.

Nilakantha.

If the accursed hath entered my abode,
If he hath death defied to wander by thy
side—

This rage forgive—but it proves me
That he loves thee!
Thee, my Lakmé, daughter thou of the
gods!

In triumph thro' the city he strideth.
We will bid the crowd hither wander,
His secret, if he meet thee, I'll trace,
Written plain on his face.
See thy voice tremble not, smile sweetly,
daughter,

Sing on, Lakmé, sing on;
Vengeance will be ours!

[The crowd gradually draws near, attracted by
Lakmé's voice.]

Nilakantha. [To crowd.]

Thro' the gods that inspire her,
Hark! this child here shall tell,
Should you all now desire her,
What the pariah's daughter befell.

Lakmé.

Where strays the Hindoo maiden,
Child of the pariah sad,
When the boughs, moonlight laden,
Make all the forest glad?
Tripping o'er emerald mosses,
Now doth her heart forget
All the hate and the crosses
The pariah's child hath met.
'Mid the laurels now straying
She glides so silently,
But her sweet will obeying,
In happy thought delaying.
Behold, in yonder woods uplooming,
What trav'ler now hath lost his way?
About him glisten eyes, where all is
glooming,
But aimless still deep in the woods doth he
stray.
Wild beasts in their rage fierce are crying,
As now at their prey they are flying.
The maiden forward springs, their fury to
repel,
A rod in her hand she is bringing,
A bell so lightly swinging,
The charmer's bell!
When the stranger attracts her, she is
dazzled with splendor,
The rajahs no more comely are!
Yet would he blush his thanks for life to
render
To the pariah's daughter so fair.
Then he in a dream upward raises
Unto heav'n the maid as she gazes
And to her speaks: The crown is won!

Frederick.

And does this child bind you here to
this place ?

Gerald.

No ! no ! [*Exeunt Frederick and Gerald.*]

Nilakantha.

I know him well ! Brahma's smile now
I trace !

*[English soldiers march past at back with drums and
fifes. The crowd accompanies them and slowly
moves away. Nilakantha and the Hindoos are
grouped in front of the stage.]*

Nilakantha, Lakmé, Hadji and Hindoos.

Nilakantha.

Mid the sounds of mirth that are sounding,
When to-night crowds will shout,
While the goddesss in state surrounding,
Then my glance shall the foe point out.
The culprit from friends shall be severed,
We'll stealthily, noiselessly creep,
Till in an iron circle tether'd—
Then upon him we'll downward sweep !

Chorus.

The culprit from friends shall be severed, &c.

Nilakantha.

Now go, and without fear or trembling
I shall be there ! To do the sacred deed.
I'll strike without dissembling,
And his life I shall never spare.

Lakmé.

O, my father, I'll follow thee.

Nilakantha.

No ; this heart that ne'er hath soften'd yet.
Would melt neath pity's mild ray.
Daughter, here with Hadji stay.

*[Exeunt Nilakantha and Hindoos, slowly. Lakmé
remains alone with Hadji.]*

Hadji.

The master of naught but vengeance is
thinking ;
He did not see thy bitter tears,

O my mistress !

But thy slave can read on thy visage lov'ly,
And he is thine :

The life of Hadji is little worth.

When thou wast still a child,
I roamed thro' the densest of forests
To cull the flower of thy choice.

I dived in ocean depths
To seek for thee the pearl
That thou didst crave.

All is changed : thou'rt a woman ;
Thy heart has other desires.

If thou hast an enemy to punish,
Speak !

If thou hast now a friend thou wouldst save,
Command !

*[Enter Gerald dreamily. Lakmé motions Hadji to
withdraw and then runs to Gerald.]*

Gerald.

Lakmé ! Lakmé ! 'tis thou !

I wander to thee now,
In a dream so entrancing,
Beholding thee again.

The veil is upward glancing,
And the idol doth reign.

All thy might now I'm knowing,
By thy charms borne above,
On to Heav'n helpless going,
Wafted there still by thy love.

Lakmé.

[Sadly.]

My heav'n, it is not thine !

The god that watches o'er me
Is not the god that thou dost know !
Could I but bring thee to mine own,
To safety 'twould restore thee ;
No snares were 'round thee thrown,
Were god of mine but god of thine !

Gerald.

Come all the ills of land and ocean

In this madd'ning emotion,
In which doth reason sink,

If yawn'd here at my feet an abyss,
I'd not shrink ! naught here could harm me,
Touched by those tresses long that charm me.

Lakmé.

[Resolutely.]

But I will not have thee perish !

GEBALD.
(With passion.)

mf Ah! then 'tis slum - ber - ing love cries to the heart that I

Même mouvt.

mf

Ped. *

Ped. *

cher - - ish, Now with its voice from a - bove; Thou would'st not

Ped. *

Ped. *

have.... me to perish, Ah! then 'tis

Ped. *

slum - ber - ing love, Cries to the heart I fond - ly cher - - ish,

Ped. * *Ped.* *

Now with its voice from a - bove: Thou would'st not have me to perish.

p *poco rit.*

Lakmé.

Ah, no, alas! 'tis a foe!
Whose hot breath is fiercely burning.

All my being palpitates wild,
Thee to save my heart is yearning.

[*Mysteriously.*]

LAKME. (*Mysteriously.*) *p*

Andante quasi allo. In the for - est near at hand, A hut of bam-boo is

pp
Ped.

hid - ing,.... 'Neath a shad - ing tree doth stand, This roof of my pro -

vid - ing. Like a nest of tim - id birds, In leaf - y silence a - bid - - ing.

poco rall. a tempo.
From all eyes it se - cret lies... . waits it there— a hap - py pair!....

'Mid leaf - y si - lence a - bid - ing. From all eyes se - cret it lies, And

waits it there a hap-py pair.

a tempo.

pp

avec la voix.

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.*

Far away from prying sight,
 Without there's naught to reveal it,
 Silent woods, by day and night,
 Ever jealously conceal it;
 Thither shalt thou follow me!
 When dawn earth is greeting,
 Thee with smiles I shall be meeting.
 For 'tis there thy home shall be.

Gerald.

Speak, speak on, enchantress fair,
 Gentle fay, speak again.

Lakmé.

Ah, haste, haste, time is pressing,
 Hours now so swiftly wane.

Gerald.

And would'st that I lay hidden?
 Thou canst not surely know
 That honor hath forbidden
 And duty whispers, No!

Lakmé.

Lakmé it is that doth pray thee!

Gerald.

Ask rather life and I obey thee!

Lakmé.

Have I lost my might? Is it so?—

Gerald.

Ah, Lakmé, thou'rt weeping!

Lakmé.

[*With determination.*]

O'er thy dear life watch I'm keeping.

Together.

Ah, then, 'tis slumbering love, &c.

Lakmé.

All is o'er, my people draw near;
 See Dourga, the goddess, comes.

[*Moves away from Gerald and departs when she sees Nilakantha approach. Exit Frederick.*]

Enter Nilakantha, Brahmins, the Sacred Dancers and Hindoos; later on Lakmé and other characters return.

[*Priests appear and move toward pagoda.*]

Chorus of Brahmins.

Dourga bright, thus born anew,
 From the Ganges' waters,
 Come, appear unto the eyes
 Of thy sons and daughters!

[*Festal song and sacred dance.*]

Goddess of gold, thine arm enfold
 'Round us here!

Shield us ever,
 Smile on us still

Aid us until

Our life's thread thou shalt sever!

[*Priests enter pagoda. Ellen and Rose appear, accompanied by Mrs. Bentson. Frederick and Gerald return.*]

Ellen.

The town's agog! how amusing!

Rose.

Hear the shouts of gladness everywhere.

Mrs. Bentson.

All are mad; their heads they're losing,
 O'er their ten-armed goddess fair.

Frederick. [To Gerald.]

It is to admire this new goddess
That you thus left us, here to stray!

Gerald.

[In an absent-minded way.]

Yes, this merry making pleased me.

Frederick. [Smiling.]

The brahmin's lovely child has just now
passed this way.

Gerald. [Breaking forth.]

'Tis a dream, a vision fleeting,
No more its joys repeating!
Tho' here in my heart remaineth,
A dread feeling still that paineth:
'Tis that Lakmé alone reigneth
In her beauty o'er my soul!

Frederick. [Merrily.]

Sermons I'd read, but to-morrow will find
us

With these episodes left behind us.

War has blessings in store:

Your one ideal woman

Will cross your path on earth no more!

[Exit.]

Ellen, Rose and Mrs. Bentson.

Their idols here they carry.

They'll turn our heads, if now we tarry.

To do this they've sworn,
As we're women born!

[The Brahmins leave the pagoda, escorting the goddess Dourga, whose statue is borne in a sort of palankeen. Torchbearers accompany the procession, for night has come on. The sacred dances are resumed.]

Chorus.

O Dourga bright, etc.

[The Hindoos and Nilakantha keep their eyes on Gerald. Nilakantha points him out; gradually the throng disperses.]

Gerald.

'Tis a dream, a vision fleeting, etc.

[He seeks Lakmé who appears at R., and goes toward her. Nilakantha follows him, and when Gerald is near her, he stabs him and flies when he sees him fall.]

Lakmé.

Hadji, they have killed him!

[Lakmé runs to him, leans over him, and examines the wound. Her face lights up when she sees it is not dangerous.]

They think their fierce vengeance now
ended,

But thou from me ne'er shalt rove!

My life in thine is ever blended,

And may Heaven protect our love!

ACT III.

[The stage represents part of an Indian forest, all ablaze with the rays of the sun. Beneath a gigantic tree stands a hut, only half closed, and all but concealed amid acacias, daturas and yellow tulipias. As the curtain rises, Gerald is beheld on a bed of leaves. Lakmé, half leaning over him, watches his sleep uneasily, singing in half voice her song.]

Moderato.

p

LAKMÉ.
p tres calme.

'Neath the dome of moon and star, The dove so white hath flown from

p

Ped. *

me a - far! Ah! come back, my heart is sigh - ing, And fold thy

Ped. *

wings to rest... And, soft - ly fly - ing!... 'Neath the dome of moon and

pp

pp

Ped. * Ped. *

star, The dove so white hath flown from me a - far....

raff. *a tempo.*

a tempo.

suites. *p*

Ped. *

He sleeps! May my fond simple song
Soothe him one moment more and his
slumbers prolong!

Dreams of joy with him bide
While he sleeps at my side,
'Neath the dome of moon and star,
The dove so white hath flown from me afar.
While his mate for him is sighing,
No more unto her heart shall he be flying.

Gerald.

[*Awaking without seeing Lakmé.*]

What vague remembrance now o'er my
senses is brooding?
Ever on my spirit intruding,
What dream hath enter'd in my breast?
Helpless here do I lie;
By some spell I'm opprest!

Recall I now: the town with joy was
teeming,
In ecstasy I walked there, half awake and
half dreaming,
When a dagger so swift, like a flash met
mine eyes!
And dark night came 'round me.

Lakmé.

[*Leaning over him and continuing.*]

Then 'twas that Hadji glided thro' the
gloom
And bore thee to this roof of leafy bloom.
Life to this pallid brow I soon recalled
once more.
The daughters of my caste from childhood
can restore,
And heal all wounds with gifts of Nature's
own bestowing!

Gerald.

Tho' speechless I, my heart remembers now:
I saw thee bend o'er my lips thine soglowing.

My soul hung on thy glances and fluttered
with rapture;
Thus did I life recapture, gentle, charming
Lakmé!

Ah! come! 'Tis love whose peace is reigning,
Love's bright pinions shield us to-day.
Here see all cares their touch restraining!
'Mid joys of Heav'n we e'er shall stray.

The flow'rs in fair caprices trailing,
Voluptuous perfumes now exhaling,
That still in the soft beating breast
Lull memory to rest.

Ah! come! cold care its touch restraining,
The calm of love is o'er us reigning.
Joy's bright pinions shield us to-day!
Joy's bright pinions shield us to-day!

Lakmé.

Here I shall still be near thee,
Here we ever shall dwell,
Of gracious gods, to cheer thee,
The story I will tell.
Here shall we join in singing
Of our deities blest,
Who, tho' fear to men bringing,
Crown our lives with sweet rest.
And thy ardent soul yearning
Shall be filled with delight
Of that charmed world learning,
Where rules Brahma in might.

[*Singing heard in the distance.*]

Gerald.

But harken!
A footfall now is sounding
On road that windeth near.

Lakmé.

No envious eye can us discover here.

Allegretto non troppo.

1st Sop. *pp*

Here the slope descend-ing, Side by side,..... We'll our steps be bending, Springs there hide,

2d Sop. *pp*

Ah!..... Ah!.....
Here the slope descend-ing, Side by side,..... We'll our steps be bending, Springs there hide.

TENORS. *pp*

Ah!..... Ah!.....

Allegretto non troppo.

pp

..... Where their voice is calling, Two by two,..... Draw we waters purer Than heaven's blue;

..... Ah!..... Ah!.....
..... Where their voice is calling, Two by two,..... Draw we waters purer Than heaven's blue,

..... Ah!..... Ah!.....

pp

pp

..... Here the slope descending, Side by side, Our steps we'll be bending, Springs there hide, *rall.*

..... Ah!..... Springs there hide,
 Here the slope descending, Side by side,..... Our steps we'll be bending, Springs there hide, *rall.*

..... Ah!..... Ah!..... Springs there hide, *rall.*

(a bocca chiusa.) Ah!..

pp *pp*

GERALD. *Recit.*

What song is this that love ex - presses? It greets the ear like soft ca - resses.

p

Lakmé.

Some loving pairs that fondly glide
To where the sacred springs abide,
And there they drink, those happy rovers,
The waters that by lovers
Are sacred held and dear.
When the cup there hath touched both their
lips warm and glowing,
Then united are they forevermore, 'till life
be o'er,
And kindly sway the goddesses hold o'er
their love,
Shielding them from above.

[*Chorus resumed.*]

Lakmé.

We could not without danger
Those pilgrims follow,
Now, it is true.
To this spring, 'tho' a stranger,
My lone way I'll pursue.
Here await.

[*Exit slowly.*]

Gerald. [*Looking after her.*]

Thy spell hath bound me now—
To thy sweet will I bow.

Enter Frederick.

Frederick.

He lives.

Gerald.

Ah—

Frederick.

I forced my way through the bushes—a
painful task! I found in the meadow and
on the lawn traces of blood which led me
hither. I thought you dead; what do you
here!

Gerald.

I was dreaming.

Frederick.

While the regiment was marching on?

Gerald.

Let me collect my thoughts.

Frederick.

The land rises in revolt against us.

Gerald.

A dagger thrust nearly killed me;
Lakmé saved and nursed me.

Frederick.

The daughter of the Brahmin?

Gerald.

She restored me to life ere the vital
spark had fled. I was unconscious, help-
less. Love only could work such wonders!

Frederick.

These are but idle fancies! Tarry no
more, and do not court remorse: if you
think she loves you, spare her new grief.

Gerald.

I will with tender care reward her
kindness.

Frederick.

And your betrothed?

Gerald.

I am in the power of a demon!

Frederick.

And your duties as a soldier? These
you'll not forget. I know you too well.

Gerald.

Count on me. But Lakmé comes,
bringing the sacred water.

Frederick.

Now you may see her, I have no fear!
You will resist. I count on you. Now he
is saved.

Lakmé.

[*She returns in triumph, carrying the holy water.*]

As they went two by two,
With their hands clasped so tightly,
Those lovers fond and true,
Their steps did I pursue,
With my heart beating lightly.
Like them athirst for tenderness,
I followed the pair young and sprightly,
Unto me thou must harken now.

[Solemnly.]

From the same cup there drinking
Soul unto soul they're linking,
United in love evermore.

[Looks at him attentively and then, as if overcome
by terror and surprise, she sets down the cup
crying:]

It is not thou!
What change is here?

Gerald.

Lakmé!

Lakmé.

It is not thou! my soul so fondly yearning,
On thy vows did ever lean!
In thy glance no longer burning,
Coldness is seen!
Over thy brow has settled now a cloud
To love enshroud!

Gerald.

Art thou not the lov'ly creature
For whom I've all else forgot?
Less fair art thou in form and feature?

Lakmé. [Gravely.]

Shall now thy destiny be united to mine?

Gerald.

I wish what thou dost wish, thy sweet
desires obeying;
On thy features I long to see the lovelight
playing.

Lakmé.

Whatsoever the deity whose might thy
soul now is swaying,
Whatever the creed thou'rt obeying,
The worth of an oath canst thou see?

[Chorus of soldiers in distance.]

Chorus.

March on till close of day!
March on till close of day!
With songs of gladness, with hearts full
of pride,
From siege and battle and victories past,
Our dear old England we'll see at last!

Gerald.

'Tis our troops!

Lakmé.

Ah! swear!—

Gerald.

It is they!

Lakmé.

And plight eternal love!

Gerald.

Lakmé!

Lakmé.

Thou darkest not drink!

[Looks attentively at Gerald whose eyes are turned
toward where the voices are heard.]

Yonder, ah! his thoughts are flying,
His heart is throbbing fast,
And for his home far away he is sighing!

[In despair, after having tried to attract his gaze.]

All's over now!

[While Gerald listens, Lakmé plucks a datura
flower and bites it in twain, smiling and unseen
by Gerald.]

Gerald.

Lakmé, what hast thou done?

Andante.

LAKMÉ. (Tenderly.)

The musical score is for the song 'To me the fairest dream thou'st giv'en, That soul can have beneath our skies!'. It is written for Lakmé and is marked 'Andante' and 'LAKMÉ. (Tenderly.)'. The score consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line, the middle staff is the piano accompaniment, and the bottom staff is the bass line. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are: 'To me the fairest dream thou'st giv'en, That soul can have beneath our skies!'. The score ends with a double bar line.

Stay and end this dream so like heav - - en, A - way from hat - ing mor - tal

This system contains the first line of music. It features a vocal line in the upper staff with lyrics, a piano accompaniment in the middle staff, and a bass line in the lower staff. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 3/4. There are fermatas over the notes 'en' and 'tal' in the vocal line, and a '3' above the notes 'way' and 'tal'.

eyes, Here whisper'd words of love were spo - ken, That Hindoo hearts have nev - er

Ped. *

This system contains the second line of music. It features a vocal line in the upper staff with lyrics, a piano accompaniment in the middle staff, and a bass line in the lower staff. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 3/4. There are fermatas over the notes 'ken' and 'er' in the vocal line. A 'Ped.' marking with an asterisk is present in the piano accompaniment.

known, Their gaze hath met love's ten - der to - ken, On the cheeks press'd by thee a -

This system contains the third line of music. It features a vocal line in the upper staff with lyrics, a piano accompaniment in the middle staff, and a bass line in the lower staff. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 3/4. There are fermatas over the notes 'ken' and 'a -' in the vocal line.

lone!... Press'd by thee a - lone! Ah!..... To me the fair - est

pp

This system contains the fourth line of music. It features a vocal line in the upper staff with lyrics, a piano accompaniment in the middle staff, and a bass line in the lower staff. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 3/4. There are fermatas over the notes 'lone!' and 'est' in the vocal line. A 'pp' marking is present in the piano accompaniment.

dream thou'st giv-en, That soul can know beneath our skies! Stay and end this dream, so like

Heav - - en, A - way from hating mortals' eyes! Far a - way from cruel eyes!

rall.

suivés. *pp* *suivés.*

Gerald.

What here upon thy face I'm reading,
Chills me, Lakmé, with a terror strange.
My soul is free, all else unheeding,
From henceforth naught my love can
change.

Lakmé. [*Passionately.*]

Ah! dearest one, now I believe it!
See, 'tis the cup, from me receive it.

[*Touches cup with her lips.*]

Drink!

Gerald. [*Takes cup.*]

To thee, Lakmé, my truth I prove.

Lakmé.
[*In a melancholy tone.*]

Thus we consecrate here our love!

Gerald. [*Excitedly.*]

Let all around us perish,
But smiles I'd have thee cherish,
I'd see no tears of sorrow
O'ercloud thy visage sweet.
Under thy spell I wander,
On thoughts of thee I ponder,
And with thy love to guard me,
Shall my joys be complete!

Lakmé.

'Tis a dream of beauty divine!
Now the cup—it doth make thee mine!
But the dream now hath faded,
My heart with grief is shaded
Since with love death I greet.

Gerald.

Forever thine in joy and sorrow!

Lakmé. [*Failling.*]

Beneath the charm death do I now defy,
With joy's glad tear! what's to me the
morrow!

Gerald.

Thou die!—

Lakmé.

Death never love can kill;
Our hearts no power can sever;
Life to thee yield I ever,
Bliss to be near thee still!

Gerald.

No, say not this is death!
Bright the future's beaming.
Let each joyful breath
Speak of love's delightful dreaming!
Tho' all around us perish, &c.

LAKMÉ. *a tempo.*

Fare - well!..... the dream is

Tho' all around may per - ish, But smiles I'd have thee cher - ish,

a tempo.

sf *p* *suvvez.* *p*

Ped. * Ped. *

o - - - ver! The sha-dows

I'd see no tears of sor - row O'er-cloud thy beau - ty sweet!.....

crac.

en allargissant. *2.* *a tempo animato.*

ness, Since love with death I greet! Love with death....

guard me, Is now my joy com-plete! Joys com-plete,....

en allargissant.

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

allargando. *Tempo.*

now I greet!.....

may I greet!.....

Tempo. 8.....

allargando. Ped. * *voix basse.....*

Enter Nilakantha.

Nilakantha.

'Tis he! 'tis he!
Look, and near Lakmé.

Lakmé.

Heaven! my father!

Gerald.

Now strike!

Nilakantha.

Thou shalt die!

Gerald.

Strike, defenceless I am!

Lakmé.

Harken, I pray;
From out the cup we've drunk,
Yes, the cup that is sacred,
The chalice of the heart!

Nilakantha.

He!

Lakmé. [In feeble tones.]

If one now must fall,
And if the gods must have a victim,
They shall me to them call.

Gerald.

In her eyes what light is gleaming!

Lakmé. [Ecstatically.]

Their voice I hear!

Nilakantha.

[Seizing her in despair.]

Lakmé! my daughter!

Gerald. [Sobbing.]

She dies! 'tis for me she dies!

Lakmé. [Failing.]

To me the fairest dream thou'st given
That soul e'er knew beneath our skies!
Stay, and end this dream so like Heaven,
Here, far from the world we despise!
Far from this world— [Dies.]

Gerald.

Ah! loved one!

Nilakantha. [Ecstatically.]

Hers now is the life immortal:
She enters the heavenly portal!
Yonder bears she our pray'rs on high;
Ever she'll dwell great Brahma nigh!

END OF THE OPERA.

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